

641. d. 3
14
14
THE
BATTLE
OF THE
PLAYERS.

In Imitation of
DEAN SWIFT'S
BATTLE of the BOOKS.

In which are introduced,
The CHARACTERS of all the ACTORS and
ACTRESSES on the English Stage.

WITH AN
Impartial Estimate of their respective MERITS.

By the AUTHOR.

*Let Peals of Thunder, Codrus, round thee break,
Thou, unconcern'd, canst bear the mighty Crack;
Pit, Box, and Gallery, in Convulsions hurl'd,
Thou standst unhurt amidst a bursting World.* POPE.

*I wou'd fain see the boldest of 'em all, but dare to nibble at
this — Egad, it will rub their Gums for them, I warrant
you.*

BUCKINGHAM.

L O N D O N

Holborn.

MDCCLXII.

[Price One Shilling.]

B A D T L E

OF THE

9. D. A. V. E. R. S.

100

1915

Part 1 of the Book

CONFIDENTIAL

THE CHARACTER OF THE ACTORS

Accepted for publication 10/1/88

[illegible]

1950年12月1日

2011-11-25 10:59:57 10:59:57 10:59:57

BY THE A U T H O R.

... ..

1914

1000

13-00000

1872

SECRET

И. А. Д. И. О. И.

11. 11. 1931

Page 33 of 33

1990

THE
NAMES
OF THE
Belligerent ACTORS and ACTRESSES,
WHOSE

CHARACTERS are given in this WORK.

A. ANDERSON, Clive, 37.
Page 43. Clough, 41.

B.

Baker, 38.
Beard, 43, 44, 45, 51.
Bellamy, 28.
Bencraft, 43.
Bransby, 48, 49.
Brent, 28.
Burden, 28.

C.

Champness, 44.
Cibber, 36, 37.

D.

Davies Mrs. 37.
Davies Mr. 30, 31, 32.
Dawson, 28, 34, 35, 36.
Dyer Mrs. 28.
Dyer Mr. 26, 27, 40, 41.

E.

Elliott, 37.
Elmy, 28.

F.

Ferguson, 28.

Footes,

Foote, 47, 48, 49.

G.

Garrick, 10, 11, 22, 24,
25, 26, 27, 47, 49, 51.
Granier, 33.

H.

Hamilton, 28.
Havard Mrs. 37.
Havard Mr. 42 43.
Haughton, 38.
Helm, 33.
Holland, 15.
Hull, 43.

J.

Janolin, 33.

K.

Kennedy, 37.
King, 40, 41, 42.

L.

Lowe, 43, 44.

M.

Maranefi, 33.
Marr, 41.
Mullart, 33.

O.

Obrien, 48.

P.

Packer, 44.
Palmer Mrs. 43.
Palmer Mr. 48.
Pope, 37.
Pritchard, 37.

R.

Rich, 10, 12, 13, 14, 19,
25, 27, 45, 50, 51.
Ross, 25, 26, 40, 41,
42.

S.

Sheridan, 51.
Shuter, 35, 36.
Smith, 40, 41.
Smith R. 32.
Stevens G. A. 31, 32.

V.

Vincent, 44.

W.

Ward, 28.
Wilkinson, 37.

Y.


Yates, 38.
Younger, 38.



BATTLE

OF THE

PLAYERS.

 *Heliconian* Streams, and
sweet *Pierian* Springs, avaunt,
I am not thirsty. Mount of
Parnassus, stoop down thy
lofty Head, and be levelled
with the lowly Earth, or I cannot reach thy
Summit, for, alas! I am gouty. Miss *Cal-*
liope, I loathe thy Beauties, which I have so
oft enjoyed; and therefore, like other
Men,

Men, recovered from Love's pleasing Delirium, I now discard thee. *Euphrosyne*, thou wert formerly too my darling little Concubine; but be contented with the Settlement I made on thee, for I shall never take thee to my Arms again. *Melpomene*, thee I wedded, and *Cupid's* Torch lighted us to the nuptial Bed; but, too precipitate and rash, too eager to enjoy the promised Bliss, and to revel in thy Beauties, I plunged into thy Arms, but found, like *Ixion*, I embraced an empty Shade. *Euterpe*, thou too mayst troop off, for I never could beget any fair Issue on thy Body. Ye insubstantial Beings, who torment us with a thousand Hopes and Fears, and fill our Minds with a Million of imaginary Joys, avaunt, and rack my Breast no more. I clasp now more substantial Charms than ye possess. I never more will fold ye in my Arms; press ye to my throbbing Breast; mould your rich Globes that swell to meet the Touch; gaze on each Feature with ineffable Delight, 'till the humid Eye seems bursting from its Cell, and the wrapt Soul seems soaring to *Elysium*; nor will I steal Thousands of Kisses, sweeter than the Honey of *Hyblean* Bees, from those

inex-

inexhaustible Funds of Extacy and Joy,
 your coral Lips. March off; I am now
 more wise than amorous, My Heart dis-
 dains Subjection, and will not own your So-
 vereignty. Ye are not now desirable to me.
 I look on you with the Eyes of Reason, and
 not through Passion's Mist; 'though your
 new Adorers may, in the Ardour of their
 Love, see innumerable Beauties, which anon
 they will disregard, and feel ten thousand
 Transports, which anon they will not per-
 ceive. A sterill Fortune and a barren Bed
 ye bring to your Admirers. From hence-
 forth then, I discard ye all. Approach me
 no more, nor seek to inflame my Passions,
 by the wanton Glance of your Eyes, and by
 disclosing to my View, your well-turned
 Necks, heaving Breasts, easy Shapes, and
 all those invisible Charms, which to Bards
 alone you fully shew, and which to me you
 have so often displayed, that with your twi-
 ning Limbs, amorous Postures, and wanton
 Wreathes, ye have so tortured, instead of
 delighted my Fancy, that my Eyes have
 grown dim; my Breath has been quick and
 short; my Limbs have trembled; and so
 total a Languor and Dissipation have en-
 sued,

sued, that, unable to withstand so powerful an Attack, I have sunk under it, and fainted and died away. — Ye, therefore, I invoke not to my Assistance, court not to my Arms, nor intreat to aid my Labours.

BUT come, thou late departed Patriot, thou bright Genius, immortal SWIFT; do thou for a while leave those *Elysian* Fields, where thy Spirit now wantons at large, and for a few Moments supply the Place of my ministring Spirit, if ministring Spirit I have; and infuse some small Partiele of that Genius, enkindle in my Breast some little Sparks of that celestial Fire with which thy whole Soul glowed: So shall the admiring World confess thy Power; and shall rejoice, that though cut off from the cheerful Face of Men, thou yet art the Cause, that Wit and good Sense are not wholly banished fair *Britannia's* Shore.

AND first, teach me to relate the Origin and true Source of a Battle, that has caused great Commotions in the Theatrical World, and divided Mankind into so many Parties, that, espousing the Cause of their respective

Favour-

Favourites, they are so far from allowing their Antagonists their due Share of Praise, that they will allow them none at all; and thus each Man is at War with his Neighbour, because Providence has not thought fit for two Eyes only to supply the whole Human Race.

IN famed *Augusta*, there were two great Princes, or rather Monarchs, whose Palaces lay so contiguous to each other, that it was almost impossible for one to transact any Affairs without the Knowledge of the other: Jealousy is the inseparable Attendant on Greatness, as well as on excessive Love: And the Subjects of these two Monarchs, often meeting together near the Palaces of their respective Sovereigns, would be frequently expatiating on the Virtues and Abilities of their own Masters, and depreciating those of the other's. For a while, however, the two Monarchs agreed very well, and being supported by their Subjects in great Pomp and State, and receiving daily of them large Supplies of Wealth, to fill their Coffers, and increase their Power, they seemed perfectly contented with the Felicity of their Situation,

and

and sought not to disturb the general Tranquility of *Augusta*.

THE most powerful of these Monarchs was called *Richerius*; and the Name of the other was *Garrickius*. The former, had in Days of yore been the lawful Monarch of *Garrickius*, who had been employed by his Lord and Master as Generalissimo of his Forces; and who was deservedly esteemed the most skilful General of that or any other Age. *Richerius* would frequently call his Rival Monarch an Usurper; would deny his Hereditary Right to the Crown; and would jocosely defy him to prove his Title to it, either by the *Jure divino*, or by the fair unbiassed Election of his Subjects; But this was not done by Memorials, addressed to the Subjects of each Prince, or by formal Declarations of War, against *Garrickius*; but merely, by Way of Pleasantry, which however, sometimes terminated very fatal to the Subjects of each.

WHEN *Garrickius* had been so firmly seated on his Throne, that he feared no Intrigues nor Artifices of his Rival Prince, he set him-

self

self to gain the Love of his People, by practising those Royal Virtues, and exerting those signal Abilities, he was so eminently possessed of.

THE Love of a People is easily gained by a good and wise Prince. *Garrickius* soon found himself possessed of this inestimable Blessing. He caused the Laws of his Kingdom to be collected in one Body, being a single Quarto Volume, which were before extended to about ten Waggon Loads of Books, each Waggon being to be drawn by six strong Horses; and he from Time to Time caused new ones to be ordained; not penned in a Style unintelligible to those who most want to peruse them, but written so concise, yet so full, and perspicuous, that every one might with Ease understand them.

BUT what redounds most to his Honour was, that he caused those Laws to be strictly and justly administered to all his Subjects without Respect to their Persons; for he wisely considered, that the best and most salutary Laws in the World, were of no Manner

Manner of Service, either to make his Subjects wiser or better, unless they were put into Execution.

RICHERIUS likewise was well beloved by his Subjects; and it is no Wonder; for he swayed the Sceptre with Wisdom and Uprightness. Justice and Mercy were so happily blended in him, and his Breast was so replete with all Royal Virtues, that Nature from her State of Innocence might arise and say of him, "This is an excellent Person
"indeed, in whose Mind is no Deceit."

SUCH were the two Kings; happy in themselves, and beloved by their Subjects; and in this Situation they continued for some Years, not envying each other for the daily Increase of their Wealth and Power, but contenting themselves to roll in their gilded Chariots; be attended with numerous Sets of Guards; and in every Respect enjoying all the good Things of the World; while some other neighbouring Monarchs, sat tottering on their Thrones; were in continual Danger from the poisoned Bowl, or Assassin's Knife; and their Subjects were impoverished,

poverished, their Commerce ruined, their Cities desolated, their Children murdered, and their Land deluged in Blood.

AT length, however, the fatal Moment arrived, when Peace, like *Astræa*, left *Augusta*, and flew to more happy Regions; when pruning Hooks were turned into Javelins, Scythes into Swords, and when Plough-shares were no longer wanted to war with the resisting Earth, but converted into Shields and Helmets, to sustain the Assaults of Valour, and preserve from Wounds and Death the martial Wearer.

ENVY, attended by Ambition, took Possession of *Richerius's* Breast; and suggested, that *Garrickius* was no lawful Monarch, but a mere Usurper of the Throne on which he sat; and that the immense Sums he was constantly receiving, enabled him to eclipse the Splendor of *Richerius*, and to ruin his Credit with his Subjects, who of late paid no Regard to him, nor scarcely vouchsafed to partake of his *Entertainments*; and that if he could but once dethrone *Garrickius*, he

C

would

would be a mighty and a happy Monarch, but till then, would be regarded, not only as an Inferior to *Garrickius*, but as a Shade the better to set off his Lustre.

NAY, the farther suggested, that his Rival *Garrickius* had an Intention of de-throning him, as soon as it should be in his Power; that he was secretly levying Forces, and disciplining them in the more remote Parts of the Kingdom, and as soon as he had compleated the Number he purposed raising, he would attack him in his Citadel, hurl him from his Throne, and mount it in his Stead.

RICHERIUS the sooner believed this infernal Spirit, for that he had himself observed some of the Observations, to be very just; and, to say the Truth, the Defection of a great Number of his Subjects gave him no small Concern; for they had revolted from their Allegiance, and had declared themselves Subjects to *Garrickius*, and had been by that politic Monarch, promoted to some high Places of Trust and Honour. To this

it

it may be added, that *Richerius*, from the first of his Rival's mounting the Throne, had considered him as an Usurper that had no Right to it; and he was now determined to look on him as a Rebel, and to treat him as such; and, to frustrate his Designs, he was resolved to raise Forces as speedily as he could, and, instead of waiting for his Rival's beginning the War, to carry it into his own Dominions, and to lay Waste his Territories with Fire and Sword.

HOWEVER secretly *Richerius* imagined he was accomplishing this his Purpose, his Rival had Notice of it, and took his Measures accordingly. He called together his Privy Council, informed them of the impending Danger, and asked their Advice how to act. He had no sooner finished his Speech, but Fear reigned in each Heart, and Dejection sat in each Eye. Long Time they continued mute, being absorbed in Thought, and racked with Care. But at last, by the Advice of the bold *Hollando*, a Resolution was taken to repel Force by Force. Orders were therefore issued to summon together all their Troops, and to give Combat to the *Richerians*;

rians; who were now grown so desperate, and so numerous, that it was greatly to be feared, that if they were not immediately opposed, flushed with the Appearance of the *Garrickeans* Neglect, they might triumph in their Success, win over to their Party many of King *Garrickius's* liege Subjects, and, without coming to any pitched Battle, reap all the Advantages that might be expected from the most glorious Victory.

THE Troops having received the Orders of their Monarch, soon after assembled at *Augusta*, where they were impatiently expected; and the King, with a Courage as noble as singular, placed himself at their Head, and with an undaunted Spirit prepared to meet the Foe.

THE *Richerians*, in the mean Time, had augmented their standing Forces with the Addition of some Auxiliaries, and were drawn out for their Monarch to review them on a Plain near the City, when Word was brought by their Spies, that the *Garrickean* Forces were not far off; that they appeared both

nume-

numerous and well disciplined, and seemed by their Motions, to have had Intelligence of the *Richerians* Designs, and were marching to oppose them. The Soldiers, on the Receipt of this News, set up a great Shout, and with an Intrepidity scarce paralleled in History, begged their Monarch to lead them to the rushing War, and by the Exertion of their Prowess and Skill, to purchase immortal Fame, or to find in the tented Field, a glorious and an honourable Death.

THEIR Monarch was charmed with their Spirit, and openly applauded their Heroism. Indefatigable in the great and high Ranks he held, both as King and General, he was his own Aid de Camp, and rode through all the Ranks, to animate and encourage his Men; and by his Presence evince, that Activity and Courage alone could command Success, and ensure Victory. He ordered them to march towards their Foe, and assured them on the Word and Honour of a King, that if they behaved bravely, he would reward them as became his Dignity, but would take Care, that Infamy and Punishment should attend the Coward.

THEY

THEY had not marched above a thousand Paces, before they discerned at a Distance a Cloud of Dust, which seemed to approach them. By the Help of Glasses, it was soon seen, that this was the whole Force of the Enemy drawn up in Battle-Array, and marching towards them in a regular, compact Manner, like the *Lacedemonian* or *Grecian* Phalanx of old.

AFTER some Time, the mutual Approaches of the two Armies, brought them to a nearer View, so that they might perceive each other's Force, and tell, with the most critical Exactness, their Number of Men, and who they were led by, and form their several Plans, of making, or sustaining an Attack.

THE Armies were now within three hundred Paces of each other, and were on the Point of engaging, when the respective Commanders, endeavoured to fire their Men with a true Spirit of Courage, and an enthusiastic Degree of Fury, by Speeches they

conceived proper for that End. The Speech, King *Richerius* made on this Occasion, having been taken in short Hand by a martial Bard, and presented to me, I shall here insert it.

“ *Fellow-Soldiers and Friends ;*

“ **Y**E now see before ye, a Band of Re-
 “ bels, conspired against their Coun-
 “ try, their Fellow-Subjects, and their
 “ lawful King: A mere Rabble, whom
 “ a mutinous Spirit first prompted to revolt
 “ from their Allegiance to me, whom In-
 “ fatuation spirited up in Arms in Defence
 “ of their rebellious Master, and whom
 “ their evil Genius now guides to receive
 “ their deserved Chastisement from our
 “ Hands. Ye are not to regard them as
 “ Soldiers tutored in Glory's Cause, and
 “ versed in the Art of War, but as Savages,
 “ or Pyrates, whose Intention is to destroy
 “ Mankind. Their Destiny is irrevocable,
 “ and their Condition hopeless. 'Though
 “ they abound in Numbers, yet remember,
 “ my Fellow-Soldiers, that they are either
 “ raw, undisciplined Troops, or grey-beard
 “ Rebels,

“ Rebels, whose Blood is now frozen,
 “ and whose Vigour is lost. A Conquest
 “ over such, ’though not brilliant in itself,
 “ as not furnishing Toil in the glorious
 “ Harvest of War, yet is greatly so in its
 “ Consequences, as it will secure you in
 “ the Possession of your Estates, your Pro-
 “ perties, your Liberties, and — I was
 “ going to say, your Religion. As to my-
 “ self, I take the Gods to witness, that it
 “ is with Reluctance I draw the Sword,
 “ and must shed even guilty Blood; and
 “ had rather allure Hearts by gentle and
 “ persuasive Methods, than compel them
 “ by violent and resistless ones. But since
 “ neither my Love, nor my just Indigna-
 “ tion, neither Conscience or Honour, nei-
 “ ther a Love to their Country, nor their
 “ sworn Allegiance to me their lawful King,
 “ can have any Force with these daring Re-
 “ bels, and infatuated Victims, march on,
 “ my brave Fellow-Soldiers, and chastise
 “ their Insolence. The Fire of honest Va-
 “ lour I see is kindled in your Cheeks, and
 “ animates your whole Deportment. Ye
 “ want no Incitements to Bravery; nor is it
 “ just to suppose, that free-born, loyal Sub-
 “ jects,

" jects require being bribed to their Duty.
 " Yet on this, my brave Warriors, ye may
 " safely rely, that Honours and Rewards
 " shall attend the Deserving, and Ourselves
 " will take Care, that they are justly pro-
 " portioned to the Services performed; or
 " rather, that they are such, as are consist-
 " ent with Our Dignity to bestow, and
 " which the most disinterested Patriotism
 " and nicest Delicacy, may with Honour
 " receive. Advance then, my faithful Sub-
 " jects, and my brave Soldiers, and mark
 " your Way to Victory and Triumph,
 " which Glory and Ourselves will point out."

Thus saying, with hasty Strides the Ar-
 my moved along; and, as when Bees through
 the trackless Paths of Air wing their Way,
 a hollow, buzzing Sound proceeds from the
 aerial Travellers; so from the regular Pulsa-
 tions of the *Richerians* Feet, and from the
 joint Motions of so many Warriors, issued
 a buzzing, hollow Sound, declarative of the
 formidable Body which caused it.

D

King

KING Garrickius, on the other Hand, was marching towards his Foes, as fast as possible. He was armed with a complete Suit of Armour, presented to him by the Goddess *Nature*, and which the ingenious Deity *Art*, had improved, and finished to so great a Degree of Perfection, as all the ravished Spectators pronounced was impossible to be excelled. He seemed to look that Day something more than mortal; and thro' the Bars of his dreadful Head-piece, cast such a furious Look on his Enemies, as threatened Destruction, and denounced the Greatness of Fury with which his whole Soul was actuated.

The Armies soon began the hostile War, by hurling towards each other such vast Clouds of Darts, as seemed even to obscure *Sol's* radiant Light, and shut out the Day. But short was the Duration of this missile Combat. Eager for the Fray, the Soldiers of either Army rushed forward to meet the Foe, and soon closed. Death now raged amain; and the fatal Sisters cut the Thread

of Thousands of Lives. The Combatants seemed perfectly inflamed to a Degree of enthusiastic Fury, and so dealt the murdering Steel, that the Earth appeared a Sea of Blood. *Mars* and *Bellona* animate the Breasts of both Armies; and stalking over Heaps of Dead, and surveying the glorious Carnage, triumph in the well-fought War.

No Advantage is yet perceived on either Side. So numerous are both Armies, that though Thousands are sent Victims to the *Tartarean* Regions, their Loss is scarce perceptible.

As when a Cloud of Locusts, in oriental Regions, take their airy Flight, if viewed by the astonished Peasants, they assemble in vast Bodies, to destroy and intimidate the dreadful Visitants; yet in Spight of their unwearied Efforts to disperse them, they appear undiminished in Number, and not less terrible in their Havock and Devastation;—so, both *Garrickeans* and *Richerians*, appear so formidable and numerous, that notwithstanding the Havock which Death had made, no visible Decrease appears.

of Thousands of Lives. The Combatants
 seemed perfectly inflamed to a Degree of
GARRICKIUS is now seen alone in the
 Midst of his Enemies. His excessive Valour
 had carried him far from the fixed Bounds
 of timid Caution; and, rashly brave, he had
 plunged himself with a chosen few, in the
 very Centre of his Foes, dealing Death to
 all who dared oppose him. His brave At-
 tendants are soon cut off, and himself alone
 sustains the united Force of Thousands. He
 is hemmed in on all Sides, and the *Ri-*
oberians now hope to end the War by his
 Death, or by taking him Prisoner.

UNDAUNTED at his Situation, the mar-
 tial Monarch so deals his murdering Wea-
 pon, that none dare approach him. All
 Hopes being fruitless of taking him Priso-
 ner, they seek his Death; and hurl against
 him such vast Quantities of Darts, that his
 broad Shield seems like the bearded Sheaves
 of Corn, with which bounteous *Ceres* loads
 the Plain.

As when in the Wilds of *Lybia*, the fu-
 rious Boar is attacked and pressed on all Sides,

by

by the keen Huntsmen, he whets his Tassels, and meditates the Death of his Assailants; so, attacked and pressed on all Sides by his keen Enemies, the furious *Garrickius* sends Destruction on their Heads. He now rushes on them, and sends Numbers of Victims to dread *Pluto's* Regions. His left Arm sustaining his ponderous Shield, a Shield which twelve modern *Beaux* could scarcely lift, and his right grasping his resplendent Sword, he so lays about him, that in Spight of the Efforts of his Antagonists, he soon cuts a Passage to his own Troops; and having re-joined them, puts himself at their Head, and again seeks the Foe.

KING Richerius, on the other Hand, makes little less Slaughter of the *Garrickians*. Possessed of deliberate Valour, and consummate Prudence, though Age had furrowed his Cheeks, and dried up his Marrow, he so exercises those great Qualities, that he soon thins his Enemies Ranks, and makes them turn pale.

THE bold *Rossana* now shews himself a compleat Warrior, and mows down Thousands

sands of his Enemies, *ne* Him King *Garrickius* hastens to oppose, and prevent farther Slaughter. *Rossano*, seeing so formidable an Enemy approach, and not daring to resist him, fled with the utmost Precipitation from that Quarter, and deals his Blows elsewhere.

Dyckes, a General of the *Richerian* Light-Infantry, now brings up his Troops, and gives the Signal to engage. They pour in on the *Poe* like a Deluge, and in an Instant disperse themselves. Again they assault the *Poe*, and again are at some Distance from them. In short, they so harass them, that they are at a Loss how to act; and, ignorant how to deal with such cunning Adversaries, and jaded with Fatigue, they are almost ready to throw down their Arms, and sue for Quarter.

The Numbers that fell by the Hands of the *Richerian* Troops, being seen by the great *Garrickius*, he puts himself at the Head of some Light-Horse, and prepares to oppose them. His Presence turns the Scale, and Victory soon hovers to his own Side.

stands

Disdain-

Disdaining the common Soldiers who stood
 in his Way, he seeks only to engage *Dye-*
rius; who, seeing his Intent, endeavours to
 fly. *Garrickius*, well versed in all the Arts
 and Stratagems of War, baffles his Purpose,
 and hewing down all who oppose him, soon
 appears before his Antagonist, and inter-
 cepts his Passage. The Monarch, now re-
 joicing he has an Enemy worthy of his
 Sword, menaces him with a furious Tone,
 and dares him to the Combat. *Dyerius*,
 tho' daring all that may become a Man, is
 struck with a sudden Chills, that pervades
 all his Blood, and benumbs every Sense.
 But to aid him, *Richardus* now comes, and
 both attack their Enemy. Already has *Garr-*
rickius reared his glittering Sword, and in
 Imagination plunged it through their Hearts;
 when, behold ye Infidels! instead of a *Rich-*
ardus and *Dyerius*, that might adorn a Field,
 two *Harlequins* that disgrace it, appear. Sur-
 prized at such a Metamorphosis, and not
 judging such contemptible Enemies worthy
 his Sword, *Garrickius* carries the War to
 another Quarter; and, like a chafed Lion,
 falls on his Foes, scatters them like a Herd
 of

of 'frighted Fawns, and swims in their Blood.

But on the other Side, appear some Amazons, that looking like very Angels, and fighting like very D—ls, make terrible Defolation, and cause the War to look hideous. At their Head are *Brentia*, *Hamiltonia*, *Elinya*, *Bellamina*, *Warderia*, *Burdemia*, *Fergusonia*, and *Dyeria*, who fight with unparallelled Courage and exquisite Prudence. And see, on the other Side, to encourage the *Garrickeans* to delight in noble Deeds of Arms, appears the female Orator *Dawsonia*, haranguing them with true Female Eloquence. She disdains to engage with Amazons, and appears at the Head of a choice Body of Warriors. She exhorts the *Garrickeans* immediately to attack the Amazons, to stand firm to their Duty, and to put forth each well-strung Member to its utmost Exertion in the glorious Combat; and at the same Time reminds them, how inglorious, how unmanly it would be, to give out in so great a Cause, and to appear languid and feeble, when their Enemies were so erect and rampant, that they seemed
just

just ready to storm the very Citadel of the *Garrickean* Amazons, and to enter it Sword in Hand.

ENCOURAGED by this martial Lady, the Soldiers fought like Men who had a nice Sense of Honour, and in whose Breasts dwelt invincible Courage.

THE Advantage the *Richerians* had before gained in the Combat, was now no more; and the *Garrickeans* seemed to triumph in their Turn; and even put to the Sword some *Richerian* Amazons, whose intrepid Courage having carried them into the Enemies Ranks, they vainly hoped to have conquered in the bloody War.

BUT in Battles, as on the Stage of civil Life, the most prosperous Situations may be disconcerted and ruined by a single Event. So proved it now. The *Garrickeans*, exulting in their Success, were so inflated with the Thoughts of a glorious Victory, that Prudence and Caution forsook them, and Revenge alone seemed to occupy their Thoughts.

E

But

But this was not the Fault of the *Garrickean* Men, but of their unconquered Amazons; for these fair Females, quite furious for a closer Engagement, had broke their Ranks, and the *Richerians* had penetrated into their inmost Quarters, and put them to the Sword; fighting, like *Mars* of yore, Knee-deep in Blood.

THE *Garrickeans* are now disconcerted on all Sides. The too great Bravery of their Amazons, which, carried to Excess turns to Rashness, and their eager Desire of coming to close Quarters with the *Richerian* Chiefs, had almost ruined their Hopes, and forced them to pull in the Horns of Resolution.

BUT, as in civil Affairs, a lucky Incident gives a Man an Opportunity of displaying his Abilities; so it happened in this martial Engagement, that an Officer, of no great Estimation with the Million, and only regarded by the Judicious, displayed such uncommon Proofs of Valour and Skill, as soon turned the Scale in Favour of the *Garrickeans*.

THE

THE Name of this Hero was *Daviesius*. He had, with a manly Sorrow, seen the Ranks of his own Party thinned, by the destructive Sword of their Antagonists; and spurred on by an enthusiastic Valour, giving his Horse the Rein, he rides full Speed in the Midst of the Enemies Troops; and making his fatal Steel glitter in their Eyes, and rearing it aloft, he makes it descend on them like a Whirlwind, and compels them to fly before him, like timid Sheep before the dreadful Wolf.

Two *Richerian* Officers endeavour to stop the Fury of his Arms, and oppose his further Progress. The first was named *Stevinus* : * A Man, who having been Link-

* Author of a thousand bawdy Songs and obscene Treatises; a constant Attendant at the Bucks nocturnal Meetings, and a great Pretender to Wit and Humour.

Our Author has been guilty here of a very palpable Mistake. The obscene Writer he introduces, is not at *C—t G—n* Theatre, but on that of *D—y L—e*. I applaud him, however, for satirising him, on Account of his indecent Writings; 'though I must own, I cannot at the same Time exculpate our Author, in this very Work, for his *Double Entendres*. The Editor.

boy to the Muses, thought himself beloved by them; and who, mistaking Scurrility for Satire, and the grossest Dulness for the purest Wit, had been permitted by *Cloacina*, with Permission to deposite the excrementitious Works of his hard-bound Brain, in her sacred Temple; and, elated with a real Confidence, and an imaginary Valour, was grown so military mad in the Cause of Obscenity, that he swore he would wage eternal War with Delicacy and Virtue. The Name of the other was *Dickius Smitherus*: A Person of a good and gentle Disposition, much respected as a Man, but not brilliant as a Soldier. Both these at once attack *Daviesus*, and throw with all their Force their Spears against him. That of *Stevinus*, excessively blunt, and sent by a feeble, though revengeful Hand, scarce reaches the well-tempered Shield, and falls harmless on the Ground. As these two Warriors, now standing in an oblique posture, attempt to draw their Swords, a strong Lance sent from the powerful Arm of their Antagonist, tranfixes them Side to Side, and they pour out their Souls in a Torrent of gushing blood.

THE martial Hero now carries Terror
 elsewhere, and makes his Enemies fly be-
 fore him. The *Richerians* Courage now be-
 gins to grow faint, and the Vigour of their
 Arms relaxed. Drooping and despairing,
 they know not how to avoid the impending
 Death, nor have Meanness to supplicate the
 Conquerors Clemency.

BUT their Affairs are again retrieved by
 the all-resistless Valour of one Regiment.
 This is another Body of Amazons, under
 the Command of *Palmeria*; whose Officers
 fighting under her, are *Mullartia*, *Jansolina*,
Maranefia, *Helmia*, *Graniera*, and others:
 And though those of yore, imagined that
 cutting off their right Breasts, added to their
 Strength and Intrepidity, yet these bold Fe-
 males experience, that without doing them-
 selves that Injury, they are able of conquer-
 ing the most savage Breast, of subduing the
 most puissant Heroes, and leading the most
 obdurate Hearts captive.

To oppose these Warriors, a select Body
 of the *Garrickean* Light-Horse advances,
 and

and falls on them with the utmost Fury. The Men seem to have the Advantage at the first Onset, of the Amazons ; but after three unsuccessful Attacks, finding their Vigour exhausted, they attempt to withdraw from the Field of Battle, but in their Retreat are charged with double Fury, and completely vanquished. The Amazons finding themselves victorious, push their Advantage, and charge another Regiment of their Enemies, whom they conquer with the greatest Facility, and then carry Terror to another Quarter.

ENRAGED and astonished at the Amazons Success, the bold *Dawsonia*, detaches a Body of Troops under her Command, to repulse them ; but they are entirely defeated. And now, burning with Shame, and menacing Revenge, she rides full Speed, to engage with such formidable Adversaries herself ; and by conquering them, gain immortal Honour, or by losing her Life in the glorious Conflict, secure herself a deathless Fame.

BUT

But in this bold Attempt she is defeated by the great *Shuterius*. *Shuterius* had long seen, with a generous Indignation, the vast Success of the *Garrickens*; and in Spight of the Fortitude of the *Richerian* Forces, and the Skill of their Officers, could not vanquish them; but he knew not, that it was owing to the Bravery of *Dawsonia* alone, that Conquest seemed hovering to their Side, for he had been fighting, all then, in another Quarter.

As when from afar, the Bird of *Jove* discerns the tender Lamb, bleating by his fond Mother's Side; and, innocently mirthful, playing a thousand little Gambols, expressive of his Joy; if Hunger urges, and strong Desire persuades, down descends the royal Fowl; and, swift as the Lightning's Flash, darts on the trembling Victim; closes his strong Talons, and soars aloft, winging his rapid Way through trackless Paths of Ether: So, from afar, the intrepid *Shuterius*, at length discerning the all-conquering *Dawsonia*, he disdains all meaner Conquests, and flying towards her on the Wings of Impatience,

patience, soon comes up to her. He then draws his conquering Sword; a Sword red with Blood, and defaced with many a Hack gained in martial Combat; brandishes it aloft, and making it glitter in her Eyes, attacks her with Fury. The Amazon for some Time parried the Hero's Thrusts, and retorted the Attack. The Warrior pressed forward, striving to find a Passage to her Heart, and determined to give no Quarter, but either conquer or die. The Amazon, after vainly endeavouring to resist superior Strength, and to ward off his Thrusts, could no longer continue the unequal Combat; but fainting, dying, submits to her Conqueror; and with half-closed Eyes, in a broken, murmuring Language, demanded Pity, and besought his Clemency. Fired to the utmost Degree of Fury, the young Hero regarded not her Prayers; but rearing his Sword aloft, and collecting all his Strength in one Blow, he plunged it in the fair Amazon's Body up to the very Hilt.

AND lo, on the other Side, terrible Slaughter is made by the Amazons. Their General is *Cibberia*; a Warrior, well skilled

in

in the military Science, and formed by Nature and Art to conquer Mankind. She has Numbers of brave and skilful Officers under her. The beautiful *Daviesia*; an Amazon, fairer than *Venus*, and more intrepid than *Minerva*. The skilful *Pritchardia*; a Warrior, whose Judgment is equalled only by her Courage, and whose Power is inferior to nothing but her Humanity. The artful *Cliveria*; a Heroine, famous for her Conquests by Stratagem and Surprize. The youthful *Peperia*; a Nymph, who by attacking the very Heart before it can guard against her Force, multiplies her Conquests, and subdues all her Foes. The judicious *Kennedia*; an Amazon, well acquainted with all the Avenues to Conquest. The fair *Wilkinsonia*; a Nymph, who boasting no Skill, and wanting no Fame, yet so entirely possesses the Love of the common Soldiers, that they fight under her with Extacy, and establish her Reputation. The wanton *Elliota*; an Amazon of Skill and Address; but not so chaste as *Diana*, nor as pure as Ice, nor as white as Snow. The blue-eyed *Havardia*; famed for her mellifluous Voice, and for softening the most rugged Disposition. The

F

prudent

prudent *Hughtonia*; whose Abilities in the Art of War, 'though far from indifferent, must yield to her amiable Qualifications in private Life. The beautiful *Yatesia*; who joins with the most perfect Symmetry of Form, and Sweetness of Disposition, all the Abilities that constitute a perfect Warrior. The lively *Youngeria*; a Nymph, whose blushing Charms captivate her Enemies, disarm them of their Power, and compel them to own her Force. The intrepid *Bakeria*; an Amazon, replete with Knowledge in military Discipline; which gives her a becoming Confidence, and enables her to triumph over her Foes. The chaste
 * famed for Virgin Charms, and for the blushing Tint that damasks the celestial Cheek of Modesty: A Nymph that has sworn herself a Votary to *Diana*; but whose Perfections would fire even an Anchoret's

* There is a Blank left in the MS. for the Name of this chaste Warrior, to be supplied by the intelligent Reader. If he knows of any Actress, *deserving* this Epithet, I own he is possessed of more Knowledge than I am.—I would advise each Lady of the *D—y L—e* Theatre, not taken Notice of by our Author, to lay Claim to this amiable Character, and shew their Right to it, by pointing out the extreme Goodness of their Conduct on the Stage of private Life.

Breast,

Breast, and conquer the most savage Enemies.

THESE, with many other of the *Garrickean* Amazons, now pour in like Furies on their Foes; and while their glowing Cheeks, confess the hot Passion with which they burn, their radiant Eyes dart such sweetly-terrible Glances on all the bold Beholders, that, Basilisk-like, they murder by Thousands and ten Thousands.

THEY are met in their Progress over the bloody Field, by some *Richerian* Amazons; but from these they turn with Abhorrence, as not worthy their Conquest; for Men alone they think it an Honour to engage with, and a Triumph to subdue.

VICTORY now inclines to neither Side. Both *Garrickeans* and *Richerians*, notwithstanding the Fatigue they have suffered, still fight with unremitted Fury, and undiminished Vigour. Lance is now pointed against Lance, Spear against Spear, and Sword against Sword. The God of Battle and *Bellona*, are now within their proper Sphere,

and encourage the Combatants of either Army, to prolong the Fight, and to act like Heroes, whom no Toils can weaken, and whom no Terrors can dismay.

Lo! from afar the great *Kingmander* appears, shaking his dreadful Falchion, blushing with the Blood of Thousands. Him *Dyerius* met, having, *Proteus*-like, changed his Shape some Time before, to avoid impending Ruin from the Sword of the great *Garrickius*. He now attacks his Foe, and thinks to gain immortal Honour by his Death. Foolish Man! not to know the Strength of great *Kingmander*! — To the Shades of *Avernus* he was soon sent an unwilling Ghost.

SMITHERIUS, a Captain of the *Riche-rians*, wants to measure his Sword with *Kingmander*; but, diffident of his own Strength, to cope singly with so puissant a Warrior, he calls to his Aid the renowned *Rossano*. To him *Rossano* soon comes; and both in Concert, resolve to attack the bold *Garrickian*.

As

As when the foaming Surge and furious Billows, idly impotent, and ridiculously revengeful, seek to conquer the stable Rock; propped on itself, and on its own Basis secure, the stable Rock contemns their Malice, and derides their Efforts; so, conscious of his own Force, the noble *Kingmander* sustains their united Shocks.

SMITHERIUS first threw his Spear against his Foe; but, whizzing, it cut only the yielding Air, and fell harmless on the Earth. That of *Rossano*, thrown with greater Force, would have pierced the *Garrickean's* Shield; but, seeing its Destination, he inclined a little to the right, and avoided the fatal Stroke. Behind *Kingmander*, stood two common Soldiers, the one named *Mar-all*, the other *Cleughman*: Them it smote full in their Foreheads, and sent lifeless to the Earth. *Kingmander* then rearing his well pointed Lance, threw it with so good an Aim, and with such amazing Strength, that it entered the Body of *Smitherius*, and nailed him to the Ground. Then drawing his keen Sword, he flew on *Rossano*; who, conscious of his Weak-

Weakness, to resist so redoubted a Champion, attempts to fly. *Kingmander*, seeing his Intent, frustrates it by a Blow, which coming obliquely on his Enemy's Neck, severs his Head from his Body; as the playful School-boy, severs the Head of the blushing Poppy from its bending Stalk. The *Garrickean* then, proudly eminent, strides over the embattled Plain, seeking the most formidable of his Foes, and marking his horrid Way through Blood and Slaughter.

AND lo, nobly fighting at the Head of his Company, the Veteran *Havardius*. Sprung from the Loins of a brave Father, and a chaste Mother, he inherited the Virtues of each. In his juvenile Days, while as yet native Genius, luxuriantly wild, had shot forth its budding Honours, and promised lovely Fruit; and while excursive Fancy, unchastised by the severe Corrections of Reason, had wantoned in the Muses' sacred Bowers; our Hero felt a Loss most sensible, but inexpressible: The Guardian of his Youth, the Fashioner of his Mind, the Author of his Being, quitted a temporary, for an eternal Existence. From that Moment,
 leaving

leaving one delatory Profession; our Hero entered on another; that of his present.

He now rides furious over the ensanguined Plain, menacing Vengeance on the *Richerians*. He is opposed by the brave *Hullus*, and *Anderjonius*; but exerting his utmost Strength, and rearing high his broad Sabre, he makes it descend so forcibly on their Necks, that with one Stroke he severs their Heads from their Bodies.

THE valiant *Bencraftus* could not with Apathy, behold the Fate of his loved Companions. He seeks to revenge them; but Passion so far transports him beyond the Bounds of Caution, that, leaving Part of his Body unguarded, a Thrust of his Antagonist's Sabre deprives him of Life.

AND lo, from the opposite Army, comes thundering over the Plain, the furious *Beardinius*. He is opposed by his great Rival *Lowenus*; and with such Success, that for some Time the Event is doubtful; but *Lowenus* wanting the Judgment and Wariness his
Adver-

Adversary is possessed of, is with one Stroke of his Sword cleft in twain. *Beard-onius* then falls on *Champnesius* and *Packerius*; and in an Instant, severs their Heads from their Bodies. He is then opposed by a select Body of *Garrickeans*, who hope to impede his further Progress; but he attacks, conquers, and disperses them, like Chaff before the Wind. Where-ever his Sword falls, Death instantaneous hangs; and happy is that Man, that at a Distance beholds the Exploits of so formidable a Foe.

To oppose so great a Warrior, and able Chieftain, behold from the *Garrickean* Corps de Reserve, issues a young Amazon; who, though as yet not completely versed in all the Arts and Stratagems of War, yet by her graceful Demeanour, and intrepid Courage, shews herself a great Support of the *Garrickeans*; and that in Time, she will be found capable of supporting the highest Posts, with Honour and Dignity. The Name of this young Amazon is *Vincentia*. What would have been the Event of so dreadful an Engagement is hard to say; but the Hero and Heroine,

Heroine, were prevented from entering into the Contest by their respective Troops ; who, interposing, forced them to carry the Terror of their Arms to another Quarter.

AND now, the strangest Sight that ever attracted mortal Eyes, is seen in this dreadful Field. *Richerius*, seeing that Victory seems fond of the *Garrickeans*, and is preparing to crown them with well-earned Lawrels ; brings into the Field a motley-medley Body of Troops, such as never should be brought to contend for Glory and Honour, in Glory and Honour's principal Place of Residence, and which never is brought there, but as the last Effort of expiring Hope. This Body is composed of the lowest Order of Men ; and their Intent is not to purchase Victory by their laudable Behaviour and noble Conduct, as to surprize it by their Activity, and Feats of Cunning. They are called Pantomimists ; and in these, their General, the bold Veteran *Richerius*, places his chief Confidence, and regards them in a much better Light than his experienced, regular Troops ; who, bred up with great Care to the noble Science, think they have a

G

superior

superior Right, to his Favour and Esteem, than these Upstarts.

IT is surprizing what a Change of Affairs, the most trivial Thing will sometimes cause in private Concerns; and it is no less surprizing, that it should have a similar Effect on public ones. Even in the glorious Field, where Courage and Skill alone, should be rewarded with Honours, and Infamy attend the Coward, we have known, that through the Interest and Partiality of great Scoundrels, Merit has been rewarded with Neglect, and rank Cowardice with Preferments.

THESE Pantomimists, 'though the most despicable of Soldiers, if viewed through Reason's Glass, do more Service than can be expected. They are well beloved by all the common Soldiers, who had rather behold their Feats of Mummery, than the exact Discipline of War; and to this it is owing, that they look not with any Pleasure, at the exact Evolutions and military Skill of the Regulars, but behold these Rascallions with perfect Extacy;

THEY

THEY fall on the *Garrickeans* with great Fury, and make terrible Slaughter among them. The ablest Generals and Chiefs know not how to resist their Arts, or guard against their Finesses. But at length *Garrickius*, finding to what the Enemy's Success was owing, in Haste collected a Body of Pantomimists to oppose them; and thus, by fighting them with their own Weapons, prevent the Defeat which would otherwise happen to him; but he determined, he would not employ them as Principals, as his Rival did, but merely as Auxiliaries;—not as offensive Warriors, but merely, defensive ones.

THIS Body of Men, now act against the Enemy with Vigour; and charge them after their own Manner of Fighting, so successfully, that they are soon defeated, and quit the Field.

A BRAVE and a veteran Warrior now appears at the Head of the *Richierian* Corps de Reserve. He is named *Foeteius*, and is possessed of such matchless Skill, that no one of the *Garrickeans* is thought able to cope

with him. *Obriemus*, out of a generous Principle, undertakes the bold Attempt; but a well pointed Lance, thrown with resistless Force from his Adversary's Hand, pierces through his Heart, and he falls lifeless on the Earth. *Palmerius* next attacks him, but with one Blow of his sharp Sword, he has his Head severed from his Body. The rash *Bransbyus*, the last of the gigantic Race, plunging himself on his towering Stature, leaves his Post, and seeks the victorious *Garrickian*; and in a Voice like Thunder, bellows out;

What ho! bold *Footius* ho, 'tis *B——sby* calls;
I hate thee, *Samuel*, for thy matchless Skill,
Now, if thou dost not hide thee from my Sword;
Now, while the angry Trumpet sounds Alarms,
And dying Groans transpierce the wounded Air;
Footius, I say, come forth, and singly face me;
B——sby is hoarse with daring thee to Arms.

BRAVE Footius heard his Voice, and rejoiced. Proud of an Opportunity of demonstrating his Valour against so formidable an Adversary, as he judged him to be, he hastened to the Place from whence the
Bellow-

Bellowing issued, determined to engage with him Hand to Hand.

THEY soon met, and prepared for the Combat; but the bold *Footenius* found his Antagonist much more feeble than his huge Size promised. *Bransbyus*, attempting to cleave his Foe with one Blow of his broad Sword, was disappointed of his Aim, by *Footenius* stepping aside and evading it; who then, not giving him Time to recover his Position, and stand upon his Guard, made a Pass at him so violently, that he run him through the Heart. He then attacks, and subdues other Foes; but is at length attacked, and subdued himself, by the great *Garrickius*.

GARRICKIUS then falls on his Enemies with the utmost Fury, and makes terrible Slaughter amongst them. No one dares resist so much Valour; and no one attempts it. They fly from him on all Sides, and he rides over Heaps of Dead; and happy is that Man that he does not overtake. Finding his Enemies on all Sides fly before him, and that he has no other Foes to combat with, he even ventures to engage with the
Rich-

Richerian Pantomimists, who were till then looked upon as invincible. They make a brave Defence, but are forced to retreat, many of them falling by the Way, being covered with Wounds, and weary Nature hunted through every Vein.

THE *Richerians* are now almost totally vanquished. Their good old Monarch, after discharging all the Duties of a Man, a Soldier, and a King, is closely attacked by that dread Conqueror, whom the most formidable of terrestrial Champions must submit to. The grievously King of Terrors, levels a sure and deadly Aim at him; pierces him in his Heart, and makes him fall; full of Years, and full of Glory!

Of no Dissemper, of no Blast he died;
But fell, like Autumn Fruit, that mellow'd long;
E'en wonder'd at because he dropp'd no sooner.
Fate seem'd to wind him up for threescore Years,
Yet freshly ran he on twelve Winters more;
Till, like a Clock, worn out by eating Time,
The Wheels of weary Life at last stood still.

SOME

SOME short Time before his Death, finding his Race was almost run, his acting on the World's great Stage was almost finished ; he appointed his Son-in-law, the brave *Beardonius*, to succeed him in Command. Who now, engaging in his Service, the skillful *Sheridanius*, is determined to prolong the Fight, and Hand to Hand engage with the great *Garrickius*.

GARRICKIUS soon espies him, and dares him to single Combat. This, *Beardonius* fears to accept ; but, considering that on his Refusal, his Men would in all Probability desert him, and side with his Adversary ; he at length accepts it.

THEY now meet, and prepare for the Combat. Already have the two Heroes collected all their Strength, stretched every Artery and Nerve, and uplifted their dreadful Swords ; when from on high descends a golden Balance, suspended by a Chain, whose Top touches Heaven. In either Scale, the Fate of both the Heroes was exactly weighed. Which preponderated, and which kicked

ed

ed the Beam, is not known; a thick Mist
suddenly arising, having so totally enveloped
both Heroes and Scales, that nothing could
be perfectly discerned by me. As then it is
out of my Power, to relate the Event of so
dreadful a Battle, the Fate of these Heroes,
must be judg'd of, and determin'd by the
candid, the impartial Public.

Light and Land to Land engage with the
Great Cavalry.

GARRICUS soon comes him, and darts
him to King's Court. **S. I. N. I. F.**
seems to accept; but considering that on his
Falls, his Men would in all Probability
be left him, and his with his Adversary's
at length accepts it.

They now meet, and prepare for the
Combat. Two Heroes col-
lected all their Strength, and every Ar-
my and 1000 men were divided
words; when a Chain, which
golden balance, in the Chain, which
top touches Heaven. In other Scales, the
one of both the Scales was exactly weigh-
ed. Which happened, and which

